CHILD STUDY

A QUARTERLY JOURNAL of PARENT EDUCATION

FALL, 1945

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HEADLINES

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Being a parent today is both a harder and a more rewarding job than it ever was, as we learn more and more how all-important is the parental role in shaping human personality.

★

Among the contributors who discuss this topic are: Mary Shattuck Fisher, Professor of Child Study at Vassar College, and Director of the Vassar Summer Institute for Family and Community Living; Irvin C. Poley, vice-principal of the Germantown Friends School; Margueritte Harmon Bro of Francis Shimer College, Illinois, whose new book for adolescents is called, *Let's Talk About You;* and Zilpha C. Franklin, Director of Information of the Federal Security Agency in Washington.

The "Parents Contribute" article by Elizabeth Bayne Wattles offers a fresh and vigorous presentation of the newly awakened interest of modern mothers in breast feeding.

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The topic for the February issue of CHILD STUDY will be "Parents, Children and Money"—a discussion of money as a tool which belongs to the whole family, no matter who earns it.

ON BEING A PARENT TODAY

THERE are no new verities for the family of today. The war, the problems of the peace which follow, the atom bomb—these have taught us no new philosophic truths or pointed out directions other than the wisest in all ages have shown us. These recent cataclysms, however, have thrown a searchlight on old truths as never before. They have brought to the forefront as practical necessities ideals of understanding and brotherhood in "one world" which until now have been regarded by men of affairs as the visions of dreamers. Now the hard facts of life cry loudly, "Unite or perish." Now, if ever, this cry is heard by every parent of every child. The danger, if we fail to hear, is personal and imminent.

THE OBSTACLES to success, too, are old ones. They are greed, lust for power, mutual distrust, and hostility toward "outsiders" which lie so deep in human nature and which can be kindled so quickly to flaming destructiveness. It is easier apparently for human beings to hate than to love. Hate lies just beneath the surface. Love, where it exists, is wrung bit by bit from our primitive selves on the long, painful road to civilization, and can vanish again almost overnight. Hitler had no problem in "educating" youth to hatred. He had merely to unleash and sanction what was already there in hiding. To undo his work or to educate our own youth so that love of his fellows and the will to live and work together can be as potent as were the forces of hate—that is a different matter.

PSYCHOLOGY today tells us that this work must be begun in the family. Only if the infant and young child have been exposed through their parents to certain deeply satisfying experiences which in turn engender feelings of zest for living, self-esteem, energy and good-will to meet problems, can any education of later years fall on fertile soil. Unless family life is such that children derive from it these deep-lying springs of good-will, all efforts to channelize their energies for social ends will fail, for we will have been dealing with a counterfeit article which will crumble under pressure.

THE CHALLENGE to the family is the same as ever, but it is clearer than it was, and the threat to us all if we fail is precise and perhaps final.

THE EDITORS.

Young Families in Transition

By MARY SHATTUCK FISHER

MOVING from place to place is almost as natural as breathing to untold thousands of American babies. These infants, born during the war years, have been cared for on buses, in trains, at Grandma's, in boarding houses, in hotels and in trailer camps. Motion, change, new faces are as much a part of their world as the high chair, baby carriage and play pen were to the infants of ten years ago. Even though the war is over, the last moves of most young families haven't been made by any manner of means. For many mothers and babies the only important difference in the next months will be that the husbands and fathers will have joined the family in its travels.

Finding the right job, or any job at all, a place to live, and settling in together will bring as many problems as families of servicemen faced. Some of the adjustments may well demand more courage, humor, sympathy and flexibility than those of the most difficult war years.

The reasons for continued or increased problems in postwar family adjustments are primarily psychological or emotional. Being a service wife with hopes and plans focused sharply on "the end of the war" is one thing. Being a civilian wife with dreams of a permanent home and emotional security still unrealized is quite another. Even the wonderful feeling that "nothing really matters as long as he has come home again" will be hard to hold fast to in the face of day to day problems of too much to do, too little space, too little time, too little freedom.

Mary Smith expressed what many wives are feeling when she said, "It's strange, but I feel lonelier now that John is here than I did when he was away!" Yet what is happening to Mary and John is not strange. Indeed loneliness in the midst of reunion is an inevitable and constructive part of learning to live and enjoy life together. Separation during war frequently created strong loyalties and a true sense of closeness. The very elements of danger, fear and hope which are part of war psychology helped keep feelings alive and clear. Idealization was easy. Suddenly being intimately together again—or even for the first time really—is a different kind of experience. Instead of the idealized picture of marriage and love, real and very human Johns and Marys are getting acquainted. The urgent questions of how many bedcovers, how much air at night, when to listen and when to talk, what to notice and what to ignore out of friendliness and courtesy have to be answered in each separate and different family. Such intimate adjusting to each other is deeply satisfying and close to the heart of a real marriage—but it is never automatic or easy. Particularly after a separation during wartime.

And what of the babies? What of the young mothers whose war marriages have been largely a matter of adjustment to the needs and demands of children? Young mothers who have not known the constant support and balance which the husband's and father's presence can give?

First of all, all offspring are bound to be a mixed blessing during the early days of reunion between husband and wife. No matter how loved and how important they are, additional personalities do complicate the adjustment picture for husbands and wives. Babies are demanding, dependent and sensitive by nature. Two and three year old children are even more so. They can't even be counted on to stay put! Whenever young children sense their mother's need to have everything go well, to have quiet and good behavior, they may feel threatened and isolated. The mother's need to withdraw a little from closeness to her children, in order to be closer to her husband—or to find herself—is sensed immediately. Under such circumstances children almost automatically become fussy, more dependent, and more babyish by the minute. Being urged to be "a big boy" or "a big girl," or being scolded or spanked doesn't help either. Under such pressure, children can be expected to put on remarkable shows, ably supported by their parents and relatives.

The family dramas that result when individual needs conflict are frequently wonderful, full of action, sound and suspense. How good the last act is depends largely on the mothers. If they can understand and remember that such episodes are part and parcel of all family life while children are young

and discovering themselves, they may even enjoy the spectacle. In any case, they can keep the explosions at a minimum by trying to avoid the head-on collisions which usually precipitate the action. Not feeling desperate, or guilty or a failure is more than half the battle, too. All mothers have the same experiences.

It is at precisely this point of natural conflict over bids for mother's time and attention that grandmothers can be of greatest help. The presence of the older generation in the household or near at hand can add immeasurably to the richness of family life, and to the ease of reunion adjustments. All young husbands and wives need time to be together alone. Grandparents can help make this possible by staying with the children on *planned* and *definite* occasions. Young children need to feel that their world holds many friendly and interested adults. No one can meet this need better or more genuinely than a grandparent. Yet in spite of the need for extra hands, extra time and emotional support, many young mothers feel that they must live as far from their parents or parents-in-law as possible. As a young wife wrote her husband, "One thing I am certain about. Three generations just can't mix! We're going to keep our distance."

It is true that three generations "can't mix" without a certain amount of difference of opinion, and even conflict. But to believe that differences of opinion cannot be accepted, and differences in behavior cannot be adjusted without costing any one person concerned too much, is to give up all hope of good human relations and true democracy in daily life. Fortunately there are insights which help. Perhaps the most important is for both parents and grandparents to try to remember one thing: *unhappiness and conflict are greatest when the need to possess and the need to control are strongest.* This emotional fact is as true between the generations as it is true between husband and wife, or parent and young child. Willingness to let people be different, to live and let live is as important in families as between nations.

Any grandmother, for example, who feels continuously critical and tries to impose her ways is inviting resistance. Any daughter or daughter-in-law who is continuously defensive, or inflexible in her turn, is inviting trouble. Any man who returns from the man's world of the Army or Navy to find himself caught emotionally between his mother's and his wife's demands may well feel nostalgic for the good old days of open and declared warfare. No wonder young children are confused or anxious or difficult if there is constant pressure of conflict between the important adults in their world. In such cases, the three generations don't mix and perhaps shouldn't try.

It is inevitable that many of the normal strains of family living will have been increased during the war, and will continue during the next years. But it is also inevitable that many gains for family living have resulted from war adjustments. It takes time and many different kinds of experience before any individual can grow up, can become himself, can learn to enjoy and appreciate different kinds of people. Yet individuals who can accept change, enjoy differences, and meet new situations courageously and competently also achieve inner strength and security—those very qualities which make for good human and family relationships. Fortunately for the next generation the conditions of war have forced just these adjustments upon a large proportion of our young adults.

The present generation of young mothers have maturity and flexibility to an unprecedented degree. Moving from place to place, keeping house under impossible circumstances, bearing children and bringing them up alone, working while waiting for the war to end, have been the very experiences which have developed adaptability and new kinds of competence. Even the babies who were born to change, who have had informal and almost haphazard care, may have gained psychologically. Like their mothers they have learned to be at home under strange and varied conditions, instead of in one place. We can be sure that whatever their mothers accepted in their stride, whatever they did with courage, ingenuity and satisfaction did not harm the children.

The fact that many young mothers have learned the hard way, and have given their war-born children as good a start in life as possible against great odds, does not mean that they do not need help. Hundreds of thousands of children who have been on the move since birth are not strong physically, are restless, difficult and nervous. Although their mothers did their best, many did not understand children's growth needs, or could not meet them under war conditions. These children need a chance to take root in communities that can help their parents make up to them what lack of permanence, absence of father, and crowded living may have cost.

Concretely and urgently, all young children of the war generation need what good nursery schools can

(*Continued on page 36*)

The Kind of Parent Teachers Like

By IRVIN C. POLEY

I HAVE not yet experienced all seven ages of man, but I have witnessed four stages of parenthood. "I was born in the age when children were nothing; I have lived to the age when parents are nothing," said William Dean Howells to the parents of my father's generation.

The age when children were nothing, when the rod was not spared, when children (theoretically, at least) were not spoiled, the age of repression, when visibility without audibility was the frequently reiterated ideal—that age was dying out in my childhood, and the age when parents were nothing was coming in. There was overlapping, as always. Some of my fellow adolescents were held down too much, but more were allowed to express themselves too freely. In general, fathers were trying to be big brothers, and mothers, all too eagerly, were priding themselves on being mistaken for older sisters. There was an odious phrase at this period, "Be a pal to your children."

The 'twenties brought a different emphasis. Many adults had found they were successful neither as parents nor as pals unless they were more than "nothing," unless they were persons in their own right. The influence of Freud—in many ways salutary—was in full swing. People proved the danger of a little knowledge by talking more than they knew of inhibitions, of suppressed desires, of rationalizations, of libidos, of compensations, of—oh, sorely battered phrase! — inferiority complexes. Parents learned something of the perils of "mother fixations" and "father fixations," and such knowledge had its value. But some conscientious parents were so determined not to tie their children emotionally that they sometimes failed to make their loving interest as evident as it should have been. Mothers felt guilty when they cuddled their babies; they tried to wean them, emotionally as well as physically, too early. The result was a new kind of insecurity.

This brings us to the fourth stage of parenthood—the present one, born of the depression and the war. Parents of today are told to be themselves, to be real persons—in the Fosdick sense—and, as part of their real selves, to be, not pals or brothers or sisters, but fathers and mothers who enjoy their children and who want to cooperate with the school in furthering their children's growth.

In thirty years of being a school teacher and administrative officer I have known well many parents *as* parents, and talked intimately with them. So I wonder if it might not be diverting to list five characteristics of what seems to me to be the kind of parent teachers like.

First of all, a good parent from a school's point of view is objective. If there is a choice of schools, he chooses the school for his children objectively, with even more care than he once used in buying a car, perhaps by taking the equivalent of a trial spin of a few hours' visit in each of the three best possibilities.

Having chosen the school objectively, he supports it intelligently, not blindly. If something goes wrong with one of his youngsters, he hears what has happened objectively, suspending judgment till he has heard the school's side too, and remembering always that his children are like other children in wanting to be interesting and in wanting to be approved of, and that, in consequence, every child—even his—will, almost unconsciously, shade stories.

An objective parent senses when to be casually sympathetic and when to be merely casual. He knows that trifling injustices are best forgotten with a "Tough luck, old man," or a "Don't say any more about it; you'd better be grateful for the times you didn't get punished when you should have been," or a "It's a wonder to me that your teachers are right as often as they are in knowing what's going on in the minds of twenty-five kids all at once."

A good parent in a teacher's eyes is also frank; his friendly criticism of school procedures is often valuable even though it is not professional. I remember two tips of this kind. One mother told me once that her son thought I was hypercritical, never satisfied with what he did. The truth was that he had appealed to me so especially that I was afraid of showing partiality, and had apparently overcompensated by stressing the "good, but could have been better" note. When another mother told me that her daughter thought I was making fun of her, I appreciated knowing of such a complete misunderstanding, suspecting that it might be a difference in tempo. The girl had a good mind, but was slow-spoken and slow-thinking, and I had been trying to hold the class's attention by pleasantries while she

was getting around to saying "an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."

By these tips from parents I was able to establish good relationships with both youngsters. To the boy I gave well-deserved praise the next two classes I had with him, carefully omitting any suggestion of even finer work; on the girl I bestowed unwavering and silently appreciative listening. Slowing up my own tempo, incidentally, gave her confidence, and later she was able to increase her own pace.

A good parent, then, will talk frankly; but he will talk frankly not so much *to* teachers as *with* them.

In addition to being objective and to being frank, the kind of parent teachers like has respect for his child's individual capacities. He wants his youngster to be a person, to be his own best self, which is not necessarily a self that achieves a cherished parental ambition. I know a girl, for example, who should never have been allowed to take Latin in the first place, who doggedly attacked Caesar for the third time after two previous years of failure because Latin had always "meant so much" to her mother. The girl had a real gift for both mathematics and the physical sciences, and could have achieved entrance to a college suited to her talents if her mother had encouraged emphasis on her strengths rather than on her weaknesses.

We school people like parents who can accept without humiliation a child's limitations, who can believe that it is just as "bright" to be gifted musically as to be gifted mathematically—parents who can believe that it is just as important to be good in human relationships as to be good in French or chemistry. Such a parent will want his child to live fully in the present stage of his development, not keeping him a dependent longer than he needs to be, nor, on the other hand, pushing him into sports or subject or social activities which are beyond his age. Such a parent will know that adolescents have an inner need to rebel, no matter how understanding their parents, in order to achieve adult, independent personalities of their own. Such a parent will not be foolishly pleased because his son is as poor in spelling as his father, or his daughter as weak in arithmetic as her mother; he will realize that for practical purposes heredity had better not be used as an excuse for poor attention or poor thinking and that energy and determination are all that are necessary for most children to learn to spell and to figure. Such a father won't expect his son to have all his own virtues and none of his own limitations; he won't be disappointed if his boy isn't a combination of Galahad, Michael Angelo, Rockefeller and Clark Gable.

Besides objective-mindedness and frankness and reverence for his child's essence we teachers want parents to be cultured, not in the sense of collecting little beautiful things and putting them out of general circulation, but cultured in the larger sense of having appreciation of spiritual and intellectual values. I remember a mother who said, in withdrawing her daughter from the school I was working in to put her in a fashionable girls school, "I want you to know just how sorry I am to take Elizabeth out, but you have to think of a girl's future. Now, everybody knows yours is the best school in the city—for an education, that is—and my husband is so democratic that he'd let her stay right here and graduate—he really would, you know. But you do have to think of a girl's future, don't you think?"

This mother happened to possess many precious and beautiful objects, but concern for this kind of future for her daughter showed that she was not cultured in the sense I am using the word. Teachers appreciate culture that expresses itself in providing a quiet place for study, in permitting almost nothing to interfere with homework, in respecting absorption in work ("not hearing the first time" is usually an asset, not a sin), and in supplementing schooling by stimulating a child's intellectual curiosity and good reading and interest in current events. Such a parent wants to know his children's teachers as people, not as a race apart, purists in grammar and conduct, to be met socially only at parents meetings, say, but never at parties. He doesn't think all unmarried women teachers are disappointed spinsters; he realizes that anybody of either sex *can* marry if he or she isn't too particular. He suspects that teachers, like physicians, no longer claim to know all the answers, no longer—if they ever did—talk exclusively of *The Lady of the Lake* and *Ivanhoe*.

The kind of parental attitude which is resented by teachers who respect their profession was betrayed rather amusingly some years ago by a mother who was discussing with me her son's mental gifts and his unwillingness to use them. Thinking she seemed insufficiently aware of the seriousness of the situation, I finally said, "I wonder if you know how he is likely to turn out if he doesn't change soon." Her answer was one of rueful desperation: "Do I know how he'll turn out? Of course, I know just how he'll turn out. He's bright and he's lazy; he'll be a teacher."

Such attitudes are much less common than they

used to be. Notice the change in the appearance of teachers in advertisements. Once the men looked like Ichabod Crane. Once the women looked like comic-strip Valentines of old maids. Now they look like pleasant and attractive people, who should have no trouble holding their own socially as well as academically. Increasing public regard for education is helping to make more parents find it natural to respect their children's teachers as defenders of things of the mind and of the spirit.

Another characteristic which teachers appreciate in a parent is the ability to keep a sense of balance. Adults are not mature in any relationship until they cease to be either blind rebels or blind traditionalists. Such parents are likely to act the way their own parents did, or exactly opposite. Neither course is discriminating; it is swinging on a pendulum. One mother I know had had her regular schooling somewhat dislocated because her parents were great travelers and took her everywhere with them. She feels she missed more than she gained, and is now seeing to it that her own daughter does not miss a day of school, even to visit a college she may want to try for.

The attitude of another mother seemed to come as a reaction to an incident in her childhood. For some reason she had once sulkily absented herself from her own birthday party and had spent the time in a neighboring orchard throwing green apples at her little guests. When the party was finally over and she had returned home, her mother said, "We'll just forget all about what you did this afternoon. And I've saved some ice cream for you." In her heart she was contemptuous of such a weak parent; she felt she deserved to be punished. Later she decided that her own children would have a mother with stamina. Oddly enough, they had. She succeeded as a mother in staying at the opposite swing of the pendulum. She "spoke" only once; retribution followed instantly for disobedience to her commands, or even hesitation in obeying them. When her children wanted a canary, she said they could have it if they would remember to feed it; she would never remind them. And because she had spoken once, she allowed the canary to die from the children's forgetfulness.

Many parents, on the other hand, feel guilty when they depart from the practices of their own parents. But the ideal parent from a school's point of view doesn't swing on a pendulum; he more nearly rides a bicycle. Sometimes he can take one hand from the bars; occasionally both hands, but both hands for only a short time. He may sometimes swing a little to the right, sometimes a little to the left, but he preserves his balance and goes forward. He is, in fact, symbolic of what I think of as the fourth stage of parenthood. These fathers and mothers are persons as well as parents, they express themselves, they have other emotional outlets than their children, they do not brood or hover. Their children know that such parents stand firmly behind them, ready to help if needed, liking confidences but not demanding them, giving enough rope but not too much.

The list of characteristics I have suggested may seem rather formidable—being objective, being frank, wanting a child to develop his own potentialities, being cultured, and keeping a sense of balance, with the realization that parental virtue, like other virtues, ceases to be virtuous when carried to excess. Surprising as it may sound, however, the kind of parent we teachers like is the kind we meet in annually increasing numbers.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Pauline Rush Fadiman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of CHILD STUDY, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Working Mothers — Where Do They Go from Here?

By ZILPHA C. FRANKLIN

BETWEEN Pearl Harbor and V-J Day somewhere around four million married women learned, more or less literally, to give the breakfast dishes a lick and a promise, fling a non-rationed sandwich into a lunch-box, and tear off at top speed to get to work before the whistle blew. With these new recruits added to the married women already working, the spectacular fact is that, for the first time in history, more of the nation's women workers were married than single. Adding in a net gain of five million during the war years, the ranks of American working women had risen to an all-time high of around 18 or 19 million by August, 1945.

No one knows exactly how many children have been involved in this always difficult and not always domestically tranquil effort to keep both the home fires and the factory fires burning at the white heat demanded by war. No one knows, in fact, exactly how many million women tried this gallant experiment. For the years from December, 1941 to August, 1945, saw tremendous shifts in women's employment. The path leading to what economists call "the labor market" was a two-way highway, with women going constantly in both directions.

It is hard to get a clear picture of just what all this means statistically speaking. And it is harder still to try to interpret what it has meant and will mean in the future to the women involved and to their husbands and children, present and prospective. The available data, which can never quite keep up with the swift pace of war and reconversion, are already so complex that no one but a layman, with more hardihood than statistical pretension, would attempt the kind of oversimplification which follows:

By and large, there were about 36 per cent more women working on V-J Day than before Pearl Harbor. The net wartime gain comes to around five million, with seven million new women workers taking jobs and two million leaving.

Of these new women workers, more than half were doing housework in their own homes before they took on war jobs, and presumably most of them kept right on doing it afterward. Well over a third were school-girls, and the small remainder were "unclassified"—one pictures them as the unmarried, middle-aged, stay-at-home sisters and daughters who found in war jobs the first chance for a life of their own.

If so, they represent a rapidly vanishing vestige of the past. There will, no doubt, be more rather than fewer single women in the future. To many women the war has brought personal tragedy in the loss of the men they loved. But perhaps even more poignant, because it must remain hidden, is the tragedy of those whom war has deprived of the chance to marry. To some extent, after every war, there is a "lost generation" of not-quite-so-young girls who find their places usurped by their younger sisters. Each must deal with this problem for herself; but for most, the unquestioned right to make a place for herself in the working world will mean one way of coming to terms with life.

Up to the present, however, the wartime stepping up in employment has been much greater among married than among single women—75 per cent as against 32 per cent. This increase is what tipped the scales to put working single women in second place for the first time. Of all women workers, nearly 45 per cent were married, and some 13 per cent widowed or divorced—58 per cent in all, as against about 42 per cent who were single.

There seems to be no very exact way to estimate how many of these married women had children, though the problem of caring for the children of working mothers has loomed large as a home front war problem. In some places, as for example in the Kaiser plants on the West Coast, the industry itself took the initiative in providing nurseries and child care centers. Many communities took the problem in hand and solved it more or less successfully on their own. But the federal government had to help too. The more than 2,600 community child care centers set up with federal help had an enrollment of well over 91,000 children. Another indication of the size of the problem is the fact that aid to dependent children in needy families dropped to about two-thirds of its prewar total; about 125,000 fewer families representing 300,000 children were getting

this aid in 1944 than in 1942. But these are only indications and the grand total must run very much higher, since well over a million women working in 1940 were reported by the census as having one or more children under ten.

So much for wartime increases in the ranks of the lunch-box packing mammas. But it is equally important to note that the 18 or 19 million women working at the wartime peak represent only about 40 per cent of all the women 14 or older in the country, whereas employment, civilian and military, accounted for practically all the men in the country, including many with serious physical handicaps. Of the remaining 60 per cent of women—those who were not gainfully employed—three-fourths, or 25 and a half million, were home-makers and several million were young girls in school. Home-making still remains the top-ranking career among American women.

It looms equally large as the major reason for women leaving the labor market. Something like 95 per cent of all the women who stopped work between 1941 and 1945 returned to their own homes as a full time occupation. As reconversion steps up this outward trek, the same proportion will presumably continue. Perhaps three out of five of the married women with jobs at the war's end will want to keep them, or get other jobs; but two married women will drop out for every one of the unmarried.

This does not mean that married women are undependable job-holders. Both groups seem to stick to their jobs equally well and about three-fourths of all the women working on V-J Day want to carry on. Assuming that post-war employment can absorb all who want to work, that will give us a labor force of between 13 and 14 million working women—which is just about what we would have had at the normal rate of increase had there been no war. For of the five million new women workers, only about three million soughts jobs for war reasons; the others would have gone to work under any circumstances.

This points up one important fact that the war should not be permitted to obscure. Wage-earning among women has been steadily on the upgrade decade by decade. Women represented 17 per cent of the labor force in 1890; 21 per cent in 1910; 24 per cent in 1940—and 33 per cent in 1944. The spectacular increase of 9 per cent in the brief 4 years of war is a change in pace rather than in direction.

The same thing is true both of the reasons why married women work outside their homes and of the problems they encounter when they try to carry an often back-breaking load on each shoulder. The war has changed the tempo of family evolution, but not the tune.

One of the few things that seems fairly certain as we try to look ahead is that most of us shall probably not return to self-contained, home-made subsistence living. At worst, the world ahead looks black indeed; at best, with the means already at hand, it could approach nearer to a Utopia of plenty and leisure than the people of the earth have ever seen. Chances are that it will muddle along somewhere between these two extremes. But whatever the broad outlook, the size of the pay envelope will in all likelihood remain the decisive factor in the individual family's economic well-being.

This is so obvious to the great mass of women—and of men—that they take it for granted. Even if they have never been exposed to a college course in elementary economics, they have lived so close to the stark reality of this fact that its meaning is a part of their bone and marrow. They also sense, as deeply and as wordlessly, some of the by-products of social change—by-products that tend to tighten the screws of family responsibility upon men and women in the prime of life, the parents of growing families who are the backbone of any population.

The plain fact is that, by and large, mothers of families work for exactly the same reasons that fathers do—a fortunate and statistically minute segment because they have a "vocation" in the true sense, a calling to which they are driven to devote their talents at whatever cost; but the great, stable, dependable mass for the simple and unanswerable reason that they need the money.

They need the money not for themselves but for their families. And they need it, often desperately, because our American "standard of living" has outstripped our family purchasing capacity. Far, far too many families cannot support themselves without the mother's added wages in even the minimum decency to which our American ideals—to say nothing of our national super-salesmanship—have accustomed them to as a goal, if not a reality. A recent study made in the Federal Security Agency reveals the breadth and depth of this gap that most working mothers are gallantly trying to help bridge with their not so impressive earnings.

This study makes two assumptions—first, that it would be desirable to have large enough families to maintain our population, which would mean an average of three children to every married couple;

second, that it would be reasonable to expect the father's wages to provide the necessary money, while the mother made her contribtuion during the children's early years in family management and services.

This seems a sensible and modest goal. But we have neither enough children nor enough money to come even within hailing distance of it. Our nonfarm families have, on the average, only about one child each, and their annual per capita income comes to only about $474.

Further, children and income follow an inverse ratio—the more children, the lower the per capita income. Translated into ordinary language, this means that even now we haven't enough children to reproduce ourselves, and that we aren't supporting even those we now have at a level which will provide the health care and education and recreation and family security which we have avowed as every child's birthright.

The actual yearly per capita average income is perilously close to what it takes for bare maintenance. In so-called high-wage cities about one-fourth of the families must live below this maintenance level; in low-wage areas over two-thirds cannot reach even this minimum. Moreover, even these meager family incomes represent the combined earnings of two or more wage-earners in nearly a third of all city families.

No—women do not work to demonstrate some abstract theory of equality between the sexes, or to flaunt unwarranted independence, or to bedeck themselves with finery, or to escape household boredom. They work to help buy shoes and shelter and pay doctor's bills—and maybe, if the family is patient and frugal and healthy and lucky, a college education for Junior (and for his little sister if they're on the plus side of the statistical average).

Parenthetically, it's worth noting that most women would like to improve upon birth statistics. In a prewar survey, 74 per cent of the women questioned thought that at least three children was the right size for a family; another 25 per cent wanted two children; only one per cent preferred to have just one child.

One by-product of our changing times is the fact that with fewer children each child becomes not only more precious but more expensive. Modern science and industry, recent advances in education and the understanding of emotional and social drives have enormously increased the good things and the creative experiences we can provide for our children—if we have the money. The gap between our ideals and our capacity to pay for them has widened with every new discovery. Meanwhile, technology has added still another item to the cost of child-rearing by making prolonged and highly specialized education more and more desirable for those young people who can profit by it. These investments are so sound—emotionally, socially, and financially—that most parents will make heavy sacrifices in their behalf. Mothers are going to continue to put their shoulders to this wheel, by taking a job or by any other means at their disposal.

Nor are they going to shirk their share of the responsibilities resulting from shifts at the other end of the age scale. There are more old people than there used to be—nearly ten million are 65 or over today as compared to less than five million only 25 years ago. Though we have taken national cognizance of this fact in our social security provisions for retirement, neither the number of old people now getting social security payments (either insurance or public assistance) nor the amount each receives is enough to foot the entire bill. Families—mainly sons and daughters with growing children of their own—still carry the bulk of the burden.

The broad composite picture of why married women work thus falls into pretty much the same general outlines in war as in peace. But the individual reasons carry a wartime coloration that is almost as varied as the circumstances and character of the millions of women who mke up the grand total. At one extreme is the mother in a hill country farm family, none of whom ever had much chance to work for wages until a wartime labor-scout came along with railroad tickets to a distant munitions plant. Or the young widow with two babies, whose aid-to-dependent-children payments were cut off by a penny-wise, pound-foolish community that decided to kill two birds with one stone—to save public money and recruit hands for the local powder plant by stopping aid to able-bodied mothers, regardless of how much their children needed them at home. At the other end of the scale—one of a significant but small minority—is the ex-head-nurse of a great hospital, long married and prosperous, but for the duration on night duty in a public ward, quietly turning her earnings into war bonds for her scientist son to use in research when he returns from the Pacific. Speaking for the millions of more typical in-betweens, were the women in Detroit, Buffalo, and other cities who gave Women's Bureau interviewers these reasons for planning to keep on working:

The proprietor of a pie shop in a war plant, sole

support of a family of five, jokingly said she worked because she "enjoyed" it.

A mail clerk will work until her husband gets out of the army and they can afford a family.

A salesgirl must help her husband pay heavy doctor's bills.

Another clerk must support herself and her son who is in a hospital.

A machine operator is saving for her five year old son's education.

A girl of 22 has taken on the support of her invalid father.

A candy store clerk making $17.30 is a widow and has to support herself and three small children.

A middle-aged woman is helping her elderly "in laws" pay off the mortgage on their home.

A beamer in a war plant has four children.

If the reasons why mothers stay on jobs play every variation upon the theme of economic necessity, the answers to how they manage, and at what price, is an equally varied story. The comment of the Women's Bureau that "the household responsibilities of the woman worker may affect seriously her health and her efficiency" is a masterpiece of understatement and a generalization concealing emotional and physical wear and tear that must be experienced to be believed.

Here is one schedule which may help to visualize the round-the-clock pressure, though it is hardly typical since it assumes relatively adequate household help:

up at 6:20 to get breakfast for the family's youngest worker and give godspeed to her 7 a.m. departure to an army job;

by 8, have bathing, dressing (to look presentable when you preside at an office conference six hours later), breakfast, family scheduling, and menu planning well behind you; . . . the market opens *at 8* and it takes split-second planning to gather in enough food for 7 people in half an hour;

8:30 to 9—pick up and deposit your car-riding pool —a "combined operations" of complex timing and routing;

9 to 5:45, work—the wartime speed-up is no myth;

5:45 to 6:30—repeat the car pool operation in reverse, with a little less hurry; but don't be late for dinner because it annoys the cook;

6:30 to 6:35½ (or thereabouts)—wash up, check up on dinner, dealing with the omnipresent emergencies of wartime food plans;

until 7:15—dinner and family conversation—the nicest time of the day;

7:15 to 8—help with the clearing up so the cook can get away to a movie;

8 to 11:30—it's part of your job to keep up with the news; there's the laundry to put away; and an office report to finish; and bills to pay; and an overseas letter to write; and that bottomless pile of mending; and . . .

And so to bed. This schedule, every day in the week but Sunday (and what a "day of rest" *that* is!) is what it takes to hold down a job 48 hours a week and do the inescapable minimum at home which can somehow never be delegated. As a matter of fact, this example, based on wartime Washington simply because it has been the writer's own personal experience for four long years, is relatively rosy. It can be duplicated, with variations, from coast to coast. The working mothers who drove 80 or 90 miles a day from their farm homes to the shipyards of the Northwest ports; those who set up housekeeping in the mud-washed trailer camps of Charleston, Ind., or in the shacks and shambles of hundreds of other mushroom war towns, or even in the efficient but overpowering war housing projects like the tremendous installation at Willow Run—what their lives must have been can only be dimly guessed. One thing that would be common to all of them is the lack of leeway, of slack to absorb the shock of emergencies, big or little. Getting a shampoo or a pair of shoes, coping with a cold in the head, to say nothing of a more serious family illness—when any one of these innumerable extras happens, the whole taut fabric of overstretched time rips at the seams.

The wonder is that working mothers, on the whole, manage pretty well. Public attention has been quick to seize upon the quite true but not quite typical stories of neglect and disaster—the "latch-key" children turned out to roam the streets; the infants locked in parked cars in factory alleyways; the bobby-socks and zoot-suit gangs courting precocious delinquency with liquor and worse. Divorce, says the October 15th issue of *Time*, is alarmingly on the upswing, with one judge, at least, blaming it on "lipstick and liquor" and by implication on the uprooting of families through wartime migration and excess wages.

These things have happened, and they shouldn't have happened. But they happen in peacetime too. Though the percentage of tragedy is probably as small as it is conspicuous, there is no gainsaying the fact that wartime stress and strain lay bare whatever

latent weaknesses—or strengths—each family might otherwise conceal. Some, who seem to get by reasonably well in ordinary times, crack up. Others, who might otherwise be preoccupied with petty bickerings, rise magnificently to the challenge of real emergency.

Most women seem to know when they're too perilously near the breaking point. And when the double-barrelled task of job and home seems in danger of getting out of control, most of them unhesitatingly chuck the job—as witness the fact, already cited, that about 95 per cent of the two million women who quit work during the war gave home responsibilities as the reason. They and the added millions who will give up their jobs by voluntary choice or be laid off in postwar recessions in employment—and even the women working on less strenuous peacetime schedules—should now have a little time for breath-catching, and perhaps even for evaluating what they have learned out of these hard-pressed, dizzy, bone-tired years. For many these lessons will take form in feelings and in actions rather than in words. But a surprising number, particularly of the younger women, seem to be pretty clear-headed and articulate about what all this adds up to in terms of their personal stake in the postwar world. With sharp differences in individual emphasis, most of them would probably subscribe to something like this:

"Women's rights?" Of course, but it's a cause so well won as no longer to rouse more than a flicker of crusading zeal. Girls, like boys, regardless of economic and social status, expect to get a job when they leave school and expect to work toward the kind of employment for which training and talent fit them. Women have by now tackled everything from shipbuilding to surgery, from loading explosives to managing a bank. They do not expect, they will not tolerate, the closing of doors within which they have gotten a firm foothold.

But the one right most of them most deeply and frankly value is the right to have a family and to bring their children up in decency and health. They want to marry young and, if necessity dictates, they expect to keep on working until they can afford a family.

This matter-of-fact assumption is probably going to result in one really quite new phenomenon. Never before has the country seen more than a very rare young married couple in a situation where the husband goes to school and the wife works. Thanks to the GI Bill of Rights, a substantial number of young veterans will be going to college or technical school or even high school. Thanks to the earning capacity of their prospective wives many young couples see no reason why this should postpone marriage. Our college campuses are likely, at least temporarily, to take on a domestic air which is as unprecedented as it is heartening.

Young people, men and women, whom the war has taught to think and act for themselves, assume that this and similar questions—when to have children, what to do about a job before the children come and after they get older—are strictly the business of no one but themselves. With the courage and independence of their work experience as an anchor to windward, girls are not content with ready-made answers or with a preordained role in the scheme of things. They don't propose to be regarded as domestic drudges or fireside ornaments, or a submerged substratum in the labor pool. The young men who have seen the worst that modern war can do, the young women whom the war has called to the lathe and the laboratory, to filling stations and the military services are the great individualists of tomorrow.

These women who "manned" the industrial battle line are also, by and large, the mothers of today and tomorrow. The world they and their husbands and their children face has potential assets and liabilities beyond present vision. For better or for worse, women have been declared in on this partnership. They will see that they and their children aren't pushed around—or know the reason why. And that is one of the very few really sure and really hopeful certainties of the all too uncertain future.

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Parents Can Be People

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

AT ROOT most adolescent problems are parent problems. As adults we categorize the difficulties of youth; we speak of the problems of boy-girl relationships, of religious orientation, of adolescent habit patterns, of growing self-awareness; we try to label the mental and emotional difficulties with which adolescents have to deal. We stand back in contemplative mood or we hunch over in a frenzy of anxiety trying to figure out a way to aid the young. But actually their problems are our problems, and not in the derived sense of our offering nobly to bear their burdens. We are their problem. We are the ones who cannot equate responsibilities and opportunities. We ourselves are tied in knots over man-woman relationships—of which man-woman vs. child is only a further complication. We ourselves cannot name the ends of life nor square our days against the ultimate values. We are the ones whose habits strangle the will to grow. It is our self-awareness which goads us toward remorse or leads us into fullness of being. We are the laboratory which needs overhauling; we are the experiment to be performed.

Fortunately many of us who have adolescent children are aware that we are their major difficulty. After years of dickering with our symptoms, we begin to see where our problems really lie. We get out our spade and hoe and prepare to dig into our own personalities. But alas, the roots of our children's difficulties are bound in with our own. We cannot clip and eradicate our own, we cannot nurture our own without affecting our children's roots. Unexpectedly we who have always dictated terms find ourselves in the perplexing position of being unable to help either ourselves or the young without their cooperation. We are now inextricably bound together.

Now how do two generations go about working on mutual problems when those problems are the highly personal ones of human individuality? We seem stymied at the start because parents are not people, really, so far as adolescents are concerned. Parents are parents, a category quite apart from people. It is an exceptional boy or girl between the ages of twelve and eighteen who actually senses in his or her parents a genuine individuality in terms of needs and ambitions, failures, hopes, longings and all the other concomitants of personal growth or stagnation.

To an adolescent, parents are an institution. We speak of the home as an institution in society, but even as we use the term we fail to recognize how aptly it also represents the adolescent's attitude toward parents. An institution is relatively static in the eyes of those who depend upon it. The church and state are institutions. They stand. They have stood. They will continue to stand. Also parents stand. Like pillars of granite they exist for the purpose of upholding the world so that calamity cannot swoop down nor close in on the young. If a parent is struck down by death or catastrophe, a child's universe reels on its axis. An adolescent's universe is in even greater danger because it has more pieces and they are held together more tenuously. Almost any moment now a boy will be able to support his universe; he will become a man. But until that strength flows into him, he depends with increasing need upon the institution of parenthood.

Of course, at the same time that they are depending upon their parents, the boy may be combatting his father and the girl trying to throw off her mother's control; but that has nothing to do with the fact that parents are an impersonal institution for them. Even when the parent-child equation is most unstable, the institution of parenthood remains fixed in the adolescent mind. And the adolescent wants it to stay fixed. In fact the adolescent goes out of his way to predicate stability and to insist in his own mind upon a control which may not exist, so great is his need of something both immediate and permanent against which to test himself. If he could see his parents as people as full of uncertainties as himself then he would be forced to stand on his own feet and to exercise his own sense of direction and to walk down untried paths under governance of his own choice and will. But this is a thing human beings postpone even when crying aloud for the privilege. Better to institutionalize the generation which holds the reins.

Another reason that parents remain an institution in the eyes of their adolescent offspring is the limited time-sense of teen-aged youth. The lengthening of time-values is one mark of adolescence. A child's day is endless. From the vantage point of

breakfast, "this afternoon" lies in the dim and none too certain future. "Next spring" might as well be next millennium. This intense preoccupation with the now-moment lingers into adolescence. In class a girl may talk glibly of paleolithic man and evolutionary man, of social man and ethical man, but actually her comprehension of the term *man* is strictly contemporary and she never visualizes him younger than fifteen nor older than twenty-five. To be sure, she may happily admit that older men may matter in the councils of nations, but whether those councils belong to the Greeks, the Persians, the medieval states or to tomorrow's league is of small personal importance to her. Obviously, by corollary, a father twenty years older than herself has passed the point where life has meaning.

We parents may shout ourselves hoarse about youth's building a better tomorrow but youth looks to us to safeguard tomorrow because the boys and girls themselves are strictly occupied with today. Once we take in their feeling of immediacy we may have a chance of reaching them where they live. We can share our perspective with them only if we can enter into their "now." But their "now" has a morning-light intensity which glitters unrealistically to our practiced eyes. Therefore—if we are really adults and have an expanded orientation in time—we remain separated from them by our time-sense. Our very assurance in dealing with time, our poise in relationship to events, make us seem more than ever like institutions.

Who can say when the leveling off of the time-wall between generations begins? Probably most of us reach middle life before we are struck by a realization of our own parents' individuality, before we are thoroughly conscious of their personal struggles. One day we look up at the walls of a hospital room and say, "So this is what my mother went through that winter she was so ill." Or we try to balance our check book and suddenly see our father's face as he counted out the money for shoes. Why, it is a young face! In the midst of the depression he was only thirty-five. But when we had looked at him then he was the institution of parenthood struggling against the financial aspect of the universe. Then we were protected by the time barrier which separated us from him.

The predicament of present day parents facing adolescent problems is really grave. And also exhilarating. We know now that we have first to work on our own problems in order to get at the problems of our adolescent children. But because our adolescents are a part of our problem we cannot work without their help. And yet we are so far separated from them that the effort to work with them seems almost pointless. If there were any other way out for either of us, we would not have to try the only way there is!

It looks as if the only answer for them or for us is to find a way to share the quest for the good life as human beings together. Now it is not an easy thing for a parent, cut off by his own former preoccupation or indifference, to pick up an honest interest which he can share with an honest adolescent. A father cannot suddenly decide to be a pal and pick up the old baseball mitt for the first time in fifteen years and then expect his son to keep the team waiting till Dad arrives to pitch a rusty ball. A mother cannot break out with superlatives over a movie magazine when daughter knows that mother has never been able to tell the stars apart. Any interest to be shared has to be genuine. And parents may have themselves a time trying to find something beside food in which they and their adolescent children are mutually interested. Maybe the only thing which the family can do together with actual and spontaneous interest is to sample ravioli or go off and broil a steak.

But happily, one thing does lead to another. A picnic may lead to a scout trip. Some place in the scout trip may be something in which the father is genuinely interested. Maybe stars, maybe knots, maybe birds, signaling, music or coins. To a genuine interest the father brings his problem of stale routine in business and the son brings the problem of an undisciplined will which seldom finishes a job. Through their genuine interest the father makes himself more of a person. So does the son. They think more of themselves and of each other. Each *is* more than he thought he was.

After fourteen years of misdirected parenthood, one mother found an answer to her son's rebellion against her authority and to her own general frustration in trying to live up to the scout law. When the boy typed up the scout laws, substituting "mother" for "scout" and then hung the document beside his mirror, she was amused. But not for long. She found herself meeting herself several times a day. "On my honor," she read, "I will do my best to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." "A mother is loyal," the document informed her. "She is kind to animals. . . . She is thrifty. . . . A mother must not take pay for

being helpful or courteous." That particular mother discovered that she and her son had so many common struggles, so many failures, that they required a lot of mutual encouragement. There was no pseudo-interest in her effort; she was desperate to succeed for her own sake. And in less than a year mother and son were people together.

Great and necessary though the shared quest may be, parents and adolescents cannot have common interests all down the line. A mother who at forty is as interested in clothes as her sixteen year old daughter is herself experiencing prolonged adolescence. A father who collects things—stamps, motor cars or mortgages—with the attachment which characterizes the adolescent is not yet an adult himself. It is highly important that an adolescent be interested in some activity unshared by the parents; some activity in which—so far as the family is concerned—the adolescent breaks new ground. Adolescence has to pioneer, to get out on its own, to become an authority. A family is plain lucky when each member has some individual enthusiasm unshared by the others as well as a common stock of share interests. Parents become people partly through having other interests than their children's, and other interests than just their children. Parenthood is never an end in itself. It is one of the relationships through which an individual grows to full stature.

Probably the fine business of a parent's growing to full stature is the best guarantee that adolescent problems will work out. This is no esoteric conception of family life either, but a thesis as practical as today's bread. Qualities of personality are contagious. A parent who knows his own shortcomings and works to obviate them is just naturally a tolerant individual. And tolerance is certainly "catching" in family or school. Parents do not try to run their children's lives—which is one of the more serious adolescent problems—as long as they are making genuine headway running their own. Only the stymied parent manipulates the lives of the young.

Likewise in the realm of sex, parents who have affectional security manage in some way to radiate a spirit of appreciation and consideration which is a safeguard against a teen-age girl's going off the deep end in an effort to be first, even momentarily, in some boy's affection. In general, parental enthusiasm for life is likely to condition children's enthusiasm for life so that in adolescence there need be neither the sense of inferiority nor the nerve-wracking self-consciousness that marks the fearful.

Whenever parents determine to be a going concern as people, whenever they are absorbed in getting all of their own cylinders under compression, then adolescent problems are likely to decrease in that household. To be sure, problems which have limped along for years trailing a weight of emotional woe are not suddenly going to wing their way to oblivion. But the heavy end of an adolescent woe is usually near the hand of the parent and can best be carried at that angle until it makes off. When parents are people devoted to growth, then adolescents catch a sense of direction.

Parents' Questions and Discussion

The questions published here are selected and discussed by the staff of the Child Study Association, and the answers written by various members. The department is edited by Helen G. Sternau.

I do want to be a good mother but sometimes I feel so desperate that I almost wish I'd never started a family. It wasn't so bad when we lived near my own mother. She took the baby now and then so I could see people and do things. But now my husband's job has brought us to a strange city where we don't know a soul, and I'm tied down hand and foot with our eighteen-month-old son. There are no nurseries here except for "working mothers"; my husband and I can't even get out to a movie together at night unless we plan ahead for an expensive "sitter" who may or may not come at the last minute. Now I'm pregnant again and see years and years of this shut-in life ahead. My husband and I are beginning to feel pretty "fed-up." What can we do?

No one likes that "tied hand and foot" feeling and, unfortunately, there are thousands of young parents in just your predicament today. It's not easy. No wonder you feel desperate at times. But perhaps you can learn to help each other since there are so many of you in the same boat. Eventually you may succeed in organ-

izing small local nurseries on a cooperative basis or even in getting the support of your communities for such needed services. But you'll probably have to start by just helping each other in an informal neighborly way.

If you talk to your neighbors you'll soon find others who feel as you do. Try taking turns at minding two babies for an afternoon so one mother can have a day off. Try putting the baby to sleep in his carriage occasionally at night so he can be taken along on a visit. If that works, perhaps you can leave baby, carriage and all with your neighbor the next time, so you and your husband can have an evening out. You can do the same for the neighbors, in turn. Of course, other mothers may not do things exactly your way. You may not quite approve of their methods with children or their manners or their taste. But if they are decent, kindly people they won't do your baby a bit of harm. A little casualness may be just what he needs—to say nothing of his very real need for happier parents.

I have always believed in reasonable freedom for children but some of the ways of the younger generation seem to me just plain impudent. My own eight-year-old is getting more and more disobedient. If I try to correct him, he sometimes starts calling me names and defies me. Punishment don't seem to help much.

Children are bound to have some feelings of antagonism toward parents, the negative side, so to speak, of their feeling of dependence and need. Occasionally, therefore, they will act unreasonably and unkindly. However, unless parents get upset by these episodes and retaliate by nagging and complaints, children usually snap out of this phase and gradually the hostile feelings diminish.

If, however, the hostility completely blocks off all enjoyment and affection between children and parents, something is wrong. It may be that your child is genuinely unhappy about himself, perhaps feels unloved or neglected. Or it may mean that too much is being expected of him. The case will differ with each child and parents must always ask the question, "What drives our child to act this way?" This is fundamental to bringing about a real change.

At the same time, parents will do their children a service if, even while they are trying to get at the deeper causes of the trouble, they refuse to permit continuous acts of hostility and defiance. If a child is allowed to exceed all bounds and continues to indulge every impulse he has, he will suffer from "guilt feelings" as surely as if he were shamed into believing that *all* hostile feelings toward parents were wicked. Neither of these extremes is bearable for children.

Here are some suggestions:

1. Never censure a child for his honest feelings or for an occasional frank expression of resentment or dislike. Do not, however, permit continuous acts of hostility, such as slapping, kicking, name-calling, or defiance. Try to prevent them before they happen.

2. Direct anger or punishment from parents is far more wholesome for all concerned than chronic nagging and ineffectual complaints. Even better is a controlled, good-humored but completely firm refusal to tolerate recurring displays of such behavior.

3. Spend more time with this sort of child. Do more things with him that you both enjoy and refrain from such moralizing as, "Why can't you *always* be such a good boy?" etc.

4. Remember that it won't be easy. Take time. Such moods in children aren't resolved over night.

My two boys, nine and eleven, have no supervision after school until I get home from work. My mother lived with us until recently, but now there is no one to help. While my boys are independent and seem to find plenty to keep them busy, I am uneasy as to what may happen while I am away. There are no organized groups anywhere in the neighborhood. Have you any suggestions that may help me?

There must be other families in your community who feel the need for a better recreational program for their school children, whether the mothers are working or not. Could you join with some of your friends and neighbors to plan some group activity for the boys, possibly under the leadership of an older, more mature high school student? If the expenses of such a project are shared even by a small number of families, the burden need not be a heavy one.

Starting such an informal group might help to solve your own problem and it would also be a dramatic way of pointing up the need for a community-wide after-school program. You might try to interest the parent-teacher organization and the school officials, or the churches and local community agencies; or better yet, this program might be undertaken by a joint board representing all the community resources. The older boys and girls themselves, too,

could be brought into the planning of such a program and be given a real responsibility in helping to carry it out.

Play groups for your boys might relieve your own situation to some extent, but they could not, of course, be counted on to do the whole thing. There still might be times when you would want to be near at hand, in illness and other emergencies, or in some of the unpredictable episodes in children's lives when they need an adult around. Can you perhaps arrange to have your boys report to some friendly neighbor's house after school for a snack, where they would feel free to come for help in case of emergency?

Have you considered the possibility of part-time work? You have to determine for yourself how important it is for you to work away from home all day, either for the family finances, or for your own personal happiness, and what are the advantages and disadvantages to you and the rest of the family. If you have no choice, or feel that it is best to continue as you are doing, you will need to make every effort to develop some community resources to help you. At the same time, you will want to understand as well as you can what your boys are experiencing day by day, so that you can continue to give them your backing and guidance and love when you are with them.

I'm frankly terrified at the wave of adolescent joy riding that has hit our suburban community since gas rationing has been lifted. The rising accident rate alone is enough to alarm any parent, to say nothing of late hours, road-house parties, and unrestricted roaming. My own sixteen year old son clamors for a license—legal in our state for youngsters of his age—but I can see little hope of enforcing any restrictions unless we refuse to let him drive at all. We've had several scenes over this matter, however, and he continues to be angry and rebellious. What should a conscientious father do?

Almost any parent will sympathize with your fears. We know that sixteen-year-old judgment cannot always be counted upon to match sixteen-year-old mechanical skill, and many of us wish that licenses could not be had so early. However, refusing to let one adolescent drive at the legal age is hardly a solution. There is too much at stake for him in terms of his standing with the rest of his friends who do drive. He is bound to be bitterly rebellious and all too likely to resort to secret disobedience. What you lose in trust and mutual understanding will far outweigh anything you can hope to gain in safety.

Most adolescents will, however, accept some reasonable limits on hours, speed, and locale, in deference to their parents' wishes, provided the limits are agreed upon by mutual consent after a free and fair discussion between parties who like and trust each other. Young people are pretty apt to respect our needs if we show a decent understanding of theirs.

Be sure your son knows how to drive really well and that he understands fully the responsibilities involved for himself and for you. On the whole, you will have to trust him and depend on the kind of relationship you have built over the past sixteen years.

Suggestions for Study: On Being a Parent Today

GUIDING PRINCIPLES

I. Our Youngest Mothers

Our youngest mothers have proved themselves a brave and resourceful group. They have been raising their babies in strange and makeshift homes as they followed young husbands from camp to camp or to distant war jobs in boom-town settlements. Others have had their babies while their husbands fought overseas and must now make the double adjustment of getting used to their husbands with husky toddlers already underfoot. Some of these mothers have been very much alone, without friends or family to lend a helping hand in emergencies. Some have had "too much family," doubling up with parents or parents-in-law. This had its advantages before their men came home, but it may not be so easy now. Many of these girls had jobs and broad interests before their marriages and find it hard to be tied down night and day to the routine of child care and home making. The very qualities which made them rise so magnificently to wartime emergencies make it hard for them to settle down now. They need help in providing stability and security for their babies. They need help for themselves too: time to be alone with their husbands, time to keep alive their broader interests. Good nursery schools would help to solve many of the adjustment problems of these young families. It is to be hoped that they will be available.

II. The Kind of Parent Teachers Like

In our modern world schools have taken over many of the functions which used to belong to parents alone. This system has manifest advantages but it can be truly successful only if school and home work closely together for the child's well-being. Teachers like to work with parents who are genuinely interested but still reasonably objective about their children, frank but fair in their criticism of the school, cultured in the deepest sense of appreciating true values. Parents and teachers too must have a real acceptance of each child as he is, a basic respect for individuality which helps the child develop his own abilities and refrains from forcing him into some preconceived mold.

III. Parents Must Be People

Children's problems are to no small degree a reflection of the problems of their parents. This becomes painfully apparent in the relationships of adolescence, when authority and force can no longer be counted on as a means of control, if indeed they ever were very satis-

factory. Parents of adolescents are most successful when they attack their children's problems and their own too as a mutual quest for light and understanding. This can be a rewarding process for all concerned. Continuous growth must be the rule for parents as well as for their children if they are to live together successfully.

IV. Working Mothers

Should mothers work? There are few subjects which evoke more heated emotional discussion and there is no simple answer. Certainly there are strains in the dual role as any honest woman who has tried it admits—time pressures and conflicting claims which create problems for her and for her family. But there are strains of another sort for the trained and capable woman who gives up all outside activity to concentrate exclusively on home duties. These, too, take their toll in family living. Either choice involves some sacrifices. But no discussion of the problem is realistic which sees the problem solely as one of free choice. Quite aside from special wartime conditions, a very large percentage of women work because they must. They contribute a large share of family incomes which are still pitifully small and which would otherwise be totally inadequate to meet even minimum needs. Women will continue to work, probably in increasing numbers, because the economic structure of our society makes it practically inevitable. What we need now are better services for homes to reduce the strains and insure the preservation of important family values.

QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. Young Mrs. A has been quite scrupulous about her year-old baby's routine. Now that Bill, her twenty three year old husband, has returned from overseas, she finds it much harder to do everything on schedule. Bill seems to resent her insistence on punctuality for the baby if it interferes in any way with his own comfort or pleasure. She feels guilty if she "neglects" the baby but she doesn't like to upset Bill either. What should she do?

2. Mrs. B. is a teacher. Her ten year old daughter, Nancy, is rebelling against an afternoon play group which she has attended for years. Nancy complains that she has no time for herself, what with home work and practicing, and Saturday dancing class and group from three to five every school day. Her parents are afraid she'll just "loaf around" if they let her drop the group and that she'll never get enough fresh air or exercise. What would you do?

REFERENCE READING

We, the Parents 1939
by Sidonie M. Gruenberg — Harper & Bros.
Especially Chapters X, School and Home; XI, Toward Adulthood; and XII, Parents are People

Parents Can Learn 1940
by Helen E. Hanford — Henry Holt

Women in Wartime (Pamphlet) 1943
Chicago Institute for Psychoanalyses

What Makes a Good Home (Pamphlet)
Child Study Association of America

Father Comes Home (Pamphlet)
Child Study Association of America

Personal Problems of Everyday Life 1941
by Lee Travis and Dorothy Baruch — D. Appleton-Century Co.

Bibliography Notes

THE FIRST meetings of the Bibliography Committee of the Child Study Association, which reads and evaluates all the current books for parents, teachers, and workers with children, found the season's offerings somewhat meager. There is not a great variety or range in subjects or interests. The emphasis in the new books seems to be mostly on intercultural problems, postwar needs and educational soul-searching. The number of books in this last field has grown out of our postwar awareness of the power and importance of educational methods in conditioning children's thinking, and protecting them against unscrupulous propaganda. Our educators, consequently, are reexamining present-day systems, and offering newer and broader concepts of teaching and learning.

Among such books are "Teachers for Our Times," by the American Council on Education, "Toward a New Curriculum" (a year-book of the National Education Association), and the two Springfield Plan books reviewed in this issue.

The impetus given psychiatry and psychoanalysis by the war has resulted in year-books and other compendia of present-day thinking and in reports of the findings from direct war research. The Year-book of Psychoanalysis, and the Psychoanalytic Study of the Child both published by International Universities Press are two of these. Some others are "Psychoanalysis Today," "Infants Without Families," by Anna Freud and Dorothy Burlingham and "Soldier to Civilian," by George K. Pratt, M.D. These books can serve as valuable aids in interpreting this comparatively new field to professional and lay people.

There has been a decided increase recently in the demand for written material on the mentally retarded child and his schooling. This field does not have much popular literature but two good reference pamphlets are "The Retarded Child at Home," and "Mentally Retarded Pre-School Children," both issued by the New York City Committee on Mental Hygiene. Elsie H. Martens has written a most understanding article on "When a Child Learns Slowly," reprinted by the New York State Committee on Mental Hygiene. It offers a sympathetic and practical message to perplexed parents of the retarded child.

Parents Contribute

IF YOU THINK YOU CAN'T——

By ELIZABETH BAYNE WATTLES

"THIS time," I told myself, the obstetrician and, no doubt, many others not remotely interested, "I *am* going to nurse my baby."

Perhaps, after all, this determination was the most important factor in making me able to nurse my second child for six months, after having failed with the first one. But it seems to me, in view of the perfunctory encouragement given mothers who have difficulty with breast feeding, that there are some other things worth mentioning.

Quite aside from the undisputed advantage it is to the baby, the deeply satisfying experience of nursing is worth careful consideration. While the things which helped me might not work with everyone, I hope that reading about them will encourage others to try some of these aids themselves, and not give up hope too soon.

The experience I had with my first child was, I imagine, fairly typical, and I will go over it briefly. My older boy was born ten years ago in the heyday of rigid schedules, early disciplining, and all sorts of theories on how to make a child independent before he could walk. Breast feeding was not considered particularly important by many pediatricians, though they might give lip-service to its being the best way to feed a baby. Popular books and articles for young mothers were full of warnings not to "let yourself go" or become wrapped up in your children (though perhaps, to be honest, this was the sort of thing I was looking for in those days) and to many, nursing a baby seemed the first step toward donning a Mother Hubbard for good. Farewell pretty figure, good times, outside interests. . . .

Though passionately determined to keep both figure and good times, I wanted to nurse my baby for a while anyhow. I mentioned it to my obstetrician, and thought no more about it. In the hospital, my milk came in normally and I apparently had enough. My appetite was small, however, but outside of one large chocolate milk daily, I was not urged to take any extra fluid.

Like many others, my baby was extremely sleepy, and usually he dropped off after a few minutes at the breast. The trained nurse—who was more interested in giving the baby his bottle than in getting him to nurse at the breast successfully—would then take him from me and tease him into swallowing an ounce or two of formula. Then he would be marched back to the nursery immediately.

This nurse came home with us, and a week later, told me the baby should be weaned because he hadn't gained anything for a couple of days.

I felt very sad at this, but the scales didn't lie nor could I, poor ignoramus, question the voice of authority: the relentless upward march of ounces must go on. The pediatrician took the nurse's word for it also, and when she left a short time later I had a bottle-fed baby.

All this had been rattling around among my more troublesome memories for some time before I learned that many other women had had the same experience. At a party somewhere I met a doctor who was quite violent about this. And I read something about current psychological findings on the importance of breast feeding. When I became pregnant again, I was in a militant mood about it.

Everything started off easily enough. My obstetrician was interested and most helpful, my baby did not have to learn how to nurse, and the milk came in quite early. Forty c.c., fifty, seventy (according to the magnificently detailed hospital scales—the total in c.c. sounded far more impressive than in ounces), then in a few days, ninety and one hundred ten. The hospital made no rigid rule about the length of nursing, and the baby sucked as long as he pleased. Though he did not nurse the whole time, more often than not I had him with me for almost an hour. This was possible during the daytime because I was lucky enough to have a nurse, and one who was interested in breast feeding, and at night because there were sixteen babies to be looked after by the nursery supervisor, who was only too glad to have one baby who didn't need to be hurried back.

I was beginning to be proud of myself as a milk producer, when suddenly there came an upsetting day in the careful vacuum of hospital life, and for three days my poor little one got only between an ounce and a half and two ounces at each feeding.

Three days can be a long time. Even without danger there is something terrifying about deliberately

keeping your tiny new morsel of humanity on nothing but this skimpy ration you yourself provide for him. Medical opinion, I believe, is divided on the advisability of this procedure, but having had one experience with supplementary feeding I wanted to try doing without it. Nature, it seemed to me, surely must have allowed, throughout the centuries, something of a margin of safety for just such eventualities. Certainly upsetting things had been happening to nursing mothers since long before formulas were invented . . . and the human race has survived.

After every feeding I asked in hope and despair how much the baby had taken. I thrashed about in bed and listened all night to the planes overhead leaving LaGuardia Field to fly westward, and watched the lonely rooflines of the city grow sharp against the lightening sky. On the morning of the third day, I observed morosely, with an utter sense of failure, that I guessed I'd better give it up. Then my nurse really went to work on me.

Nonsense, she said. I hadn't begun to try. She ordered me to stop thinking about it and refused to tell me how much milk the baby took at each feeding. Her former tentative suggestions about eating and drinking became insistent. I did as she said—even to shutting off all thought of the offending breasts.

Though my system rebelled, I began unwillingly to plow my way through three good-sized meals a day, plus some three quarts of liquid: buttermilk, orange juice, tomato juice, cocoa, and finally even beer. Not for me, alas, the system of drinking lots and lots of water, which works with some people. I felt bloated and uncomfortable, but found it entirely possible to do—which surprised me a little. My obstetrician prescribed a daily injection of B_1 (administered with a needle whose size seemed more suitable for horse than human) to help keep my twanging nerves in order. In fact the only things which didn't give me any trouble were my nipples because, remembering how sore they had been last time, I scrubbed them with zeal and a nailbrush during the last months of pregnancy.

Getting into the habit of deliberately accepting small physical discomforts such as these is a slow thing, and I am sure this is a stumbling block for other mothers as it was for me. We are accustomed to eating and drinking only as much as we wish, to not eating and drinking when we don't feel like it. Perhaps this is a leaf from the book of the Victorian mothers which we shouldn't discard. Remember their glasses of porter (more ladylike, I guess, than beer) and their malt drinks and gruels?

The doctor said it was the B_1, my nurse said it was the beer, and I privately thought it was a miracle, but after a few days, my baby was carried out after lunch stupefied by what turned out to be over four ounces in his little stomach. I crossed my fingers and thought of other things.

After that the feedings varied considerably—with too many visitors or a sleepless night, and the feeling of hopelessness which would overtake me when there were two or three scant feedings in a row. I think it might be better for a mother not to know what she is giving her baby until nursing is well established. But in spite of these occasional bouts of despair, things were going well.

Though he took the full two weeks to regain his birth-weight, my baby did not lose more than the usual ten per cent—and he made up for this initial lag later. He was the only entirely breast-fed baby in the nursery at the time, and though vigorous and alert he cried far less than any of the others. This undoubtedly had something to do with his naturally equable temperament, but I like to think it was also because of the warm physical contact he had with me.

Though the hospital routine was not nearly as rigid as some, I longed to have the baby to myself so that I could pick him up whenever he cried, feed him when he wanted to be fed. Our pediatrician approved of feeding on demand, and when we got home, I tried it for a week. Unfortunately I had to give it up because sleep comes hard for me, and the effect of my fatigue on the baby's digestion was marked. For a while, then, someone else in the household took the baby at night, and we went back on a more or less flexible four-hour schedule. This way my sleep was only broken in the vicinity of 2 A.M. instead of at the odd and fanciful hours most very young babies keep. Consequently the baby, the milk, and I were much improved.

After getting settled, I gradually learned what to do and what not to do. We were in the country then, and most days the October sun was warm and beautiful, and though sunbaths seemed to increase my supply of milk, the fine weather was a temptation to walk a little too far, to work in the garden a little too long, to do a little too much around the house. It irked me to be inactive, but I found, on the whole, that much exercise made my milk go down. The reverse is true of some women.

Regular emptying of the breast after feeding either

(*Continued on page 30*)

Interesting, well thought-out
Christmas Toys for every child
at Jane engel
Madison at 79th, New York 21

Books of the Year for Children

Selected by the Children's Book Committee of the Child Study Association of America

THIS list has been selected and arranged to meet a broad range of reading interest and a variety of individual tastes. The age grouping is not intended to restrict choice, and parents are urged to study the whole list since many books have a far wider appeal than could be indicated. Books listed here are on exhibit at the Association's headquarters. A more extensive list will be published in pamphlet form November 27.

FOR THE YOUNGEST

Ages Two, Three and Four

A BOOK FOR BABY. *By Esther Brann. Macmillan. $1.00.* The events of a baby's day, his play, his family and friends in pleasant pictures and brief text.

WHO LIVES AT MY HOUSE? *By Margaret Friskey and Katherine Evans. Wilcox & Follett. $1.00.* Familiar objects in bright pictures printed on sturdy material.

AND THEN. *By Alexander Van Rensselaer. Illustrated by the Haumans. Appleton-Century. $.50.* Fold-up picture story of happenings in one day of a small boy's life.

*THE STORY OF A LITTLE GRAY MOUSE. *Written and illustrated by Dorothy Sherrill. Greenberg. $1.00.* A tiny picture story about a venturesome mouse and his search for a home of his own.

A SURPRISE FOR MRS. BUNNY. *By Charlotte Steiner. Grosset & Dunlap. $.50.* A delicately illustrated book for the little one learning his colors.

COUNT THE PUPPIES. *By Jack Dixon. Crowell. $1.00.* Appealing photographs of puppies help beginners learn to count to ten.

CHEEKY CHIPMUNK. *By Helen and Alf Evers. Rand McNally. $.50.* Funny picture-tale of a breezy young chipmunk who learned to be a good citizen.

INTO THE ARK. *Written and illustrated by Marjorie Hartwell. Franklin Watts. $1.00.* Pairs of animals, attractively pictured, enter the ark in alphabetical order.

*CORALLY CROTHERS' BIRTHDAY. *By Romney Gay. Grosset & Dunlap. $.50.* Corally's old friends will welcome her again in this happy story with a surprise ending.

GUESS WHAT'S IN THE GRASS. *By Lucy Sprague Mitchell. Illustrated by Edward Glannon. $1.50.* An appealing surprise story about small creatures and a little boy. Pictures less satisfactory.

*STORIES THAT SING. *By Ethel Crowninshield. Boston Music. 31 pp. $2.00.* Simple tune-stories with music illustrated in crayon by kindergarten children make an inviting book.

Ages Five, Six and Seven

*VERY YOUNG VERSES. *Selected by Barbara Peck Geismer and Antoinette Brown Suter. Illustrated by Mildred Bronson. Houghton Mifflin. 210 pp. $2.00.* A child's world and all the things he loves in a notable collection of verse, old and new. A book to be treasured.

THIS IS THE BREAD THAT BETSY ATE. *Adapted by Irma Simonton Black. Illustrated by Allen Ullman. Scott. $1.25.* From the seed to the store, the making of a loaf of bread told in "House That Jack Built" style.

WEE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS SONG. *By Elsie-Jean. Pictures by Else McKean. Nelson. $1.50.* How Robin Red Breast went to sing for the king and was rewarded. Charmingly told with accompanying music.

* Of outstanding quality.
† Especially valuable for interpreting today's world to children.

*THE CHRISTMAS WHALE. *Written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. $1.00.* Hilarious story of how friendly animals at the North Pole came to the rescue of Santa Claus.

MORRIS, THE MIDGET MOOSE. *By Frank Owen. Putnam. 47 pp. $1.00.* Preposterous nonsense story and pictures about an imaginary freak animal.

BURLAP. *Written and illustrated by Morgan Dennis. Viking. $1.00.* A lovable but blundering puppy finally succeeds in being a good companion to a small boy.

TWINKLE, THE BABY COLT. *Written and illustrated by Lawrence Barrett. Knopf. $1.25.* A good little colt runs away and decides never to do it again. Appealing story and pictures.

MAJOR AND THE KITTEN. *By Helen Hoke. Pictures by Diana Thorne. Watts. $1.00.* Amusing story of a dog whose home was invaded by a stray kitten, in a beautiful large book.

*THE GROCERY MOUSE. *By Eleanor Clymer. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. McBride. 95 pp. $2.00.* The adventures of a city mouse and his family make lively reading. Jolly pictures.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN. *By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Dahlov Ipcar. Scott. $1.50.* A pleasantly repetitious "fish story" with lively, colorful pictures.

PRESENTS FOR PAM PAM. *By Harriett Osgood. Pictures by Lilian Neuner. Oxford Press. $1.00.* How a little girl makes Christmas presents for her family in a happy story. (A suggestion for parents, too.)

BELINDA'S NEW SHOES. *Written and illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Knopf. $1.50.* The importance of new shoes in a little girl's life makes an appealing story of folk-like quality.

†TWO IS A TEAM. *By Lorraine and Jerrold Beim. Pictures by Ernest Crichlow. Harcourt. $1.75.* Two playmates, one Negro and one white, learn that they can work best by working together.

ILENKA. *By Lee Kingman. Illustrated by Arnold Edwin Bare. Houghton Mifflin. $2.00.* A little girl in the U.S.S.R. solves the problem of a future career. Colorful illustrations.

*THE STARS CAME DOWN. *By Regina J. Woody. Pictures by Rafaello Busoni. Harcourt. $2.00.* Delicate story of a modern princess whose wish was gratified.

POPPADILLY. *Written and illustrated by Audrey Chalmers. Viking. 40 pp. $1.00.* A tiny mouse meets a mischievous young elf. Gay fantasy with lively drawings.

*NINE CRY-BABY DOLLS. *Adapted by J. B. Bernhard. Illustrated by Dick Hart. Fischer. $1.00.* First English translation of an old Polish folk tale, engagingly told, with dashing peasant illustrations to match.

*MY MOTHER IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD. *By Becky Reyher. Pictures by Ruth Gannett. Howell, Soskin. $1.50.* Folk humor and warmth in a soul-satisfying peasant story with delightfully appropriate pictures.

THE TRAIN BOOK. *By Jeffrey Victor. Pictures by John English. Madison. $1.00.* It looks like a real engine and is full of exciting facts about a train from the tender to the caboose.

DANNY AND COMPANY 92. *Written and illustrated by Doris Spiegel. Coward-McCann. $1.00.* How Danny's friends, the firemen, put out a fire. A small book with clear, definite illustrations.

(*Continued on page 24*)

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Illustrated by Wesley Dennis
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by ROSE BROWN
Illustrated by C. B. Falls
How Dom Pedro II and his colorful royal family introduced democracy to Brazil. $2.50

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Jacket by Wesley Dennis
A boy's pride clashes with that of a young Indian in a Sierra Nevada lumber camp. $2.00

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Written and illustrated
by KURT WIESE
Chinese writing may seem a hopeless mystery—until you read this fascinating book. $1.50

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y.

TAKE THE CHILDREN. *By Dorothy N. King. Morrow. $1.50.* Children whose fathers are just home from overseas will especially enjoy this toy book inviting them to restore the costumed dolls to their native lands.

FOR THE ELEMENTARY YEARS

Ages Eight, Nine and Ten

A DONKEY FOR THE KING. *By Olive Price. Decorated by Valentin Angelo. Whittlesey House. 73 pp. $1.75.* Sympathetic account of a little boy and his donkey in Jesus' time.

*MICKEY, THE HORSE THAT VOLUNTEERED. *By Carl Glick. Illustrated by Bill Crawford. Whittlesey. 62 pp. $1.50.* Hilarious tale of a wild horse who adopted a crack cavalry company and won his appointment to the U. S. Army.

GUNNER AND THE DUMBO. *By Lt. Dwight W. Follett, USNR. Pictures by Don Nelson. Wilcox & Follett. $1.00.* Authentic story about a bomber crew and its mascot rescued after a mission in the Pacific. Stirring illustrations.

DIXIE DOBIE, A SABLE ISLAND PONY. *Written and illustrated by Margaret S. Johnson and Helen Lossing Johnson. Harcourt. 90 pp. $2.00.* A wild pony's capture and escape and her eventual taming by a wise and loving owner.

SKIPPY'S FAMILY. *By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by Elizabeth P. Korn. Harcourt. 153 pp. $2.00.* A stray puppy adopts a lively family in this affectionate tribute to a real dog.

*HENRY'S LINCOLN. *By Louise A. Neyhart. Illustrated by Charles Banks Wilson. Holiday House. 50 pp. $1.50.* A boy in Freeport attends the memorable Lincoln-Douglas debates and brings the spirit of old Abe home with him.

THE BURRO OF BARNEGAT ROAD. *By Delia Goetz. Illustrated by Hilda Van Stockum. Harcourt. 205 pp. $2.00.* Rollicking story of a summer in Connecticut with a Mexican burro who joined the family and took her time about becoming useful.

MYSTERY OF THE OLD BARN. *By Mary Urmston. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Doubleday. 180 pp. $2.00.* A city family, moved to the country for the duration, encounters a challenging mystery which is cleared up satisfactorily.

†THE VERY GOOD NEIGHBORS. *By Irmengarde Eberle. Drawings by Flora Nash DeMuth. Lippincott. 96 pp. $2.00.* A friendly Mexican family settle in Texas, build a house from scrap materials and win acceptance as good neighbors.

YU LAN, FLYING BOY OF CHINA. *By Pearl S. Buck. Drawings by Georg T. Hartmann. John Day. 60 pp. $1.50.* The accidental landing of an American pilot brings a Chinese boy his chance to learn about planes and builds ties of friendship between a Chinese and an American family.

LITTLE BOAT BOY. *By Jean Bothwell. Illustrated by Margaret Ayer. Harcourt. 252 pp. $2.00.* Pleasant story of everyday living in Kashmir through the eyes of an eight-year-old boy who finds each day filled with adventure.

TERRY AND BUNKY PLAY FOOTBALL. *By Dick Fishel and Red Smith. Illustrated by L. D. Warren. Putnam. 80 pp. $1.50.* Basic rules and techniques of how to play football made clear in a story about Terry and Bunky and their schoolmates.

BIRD GIRL: SACAGAWEA. *By Flora Warren Seymour. Illustrated by Edward C. Caswell. Bobbs-Merrill. 187 pp. $1.50.* The courage and resourcefulness of a little Indian girl who grew up to be of invaluable aid to Lewis and Clark in the exploration of Oregon.

JULIA WARD HOWE. *By Jean Brown Wagoner. Illustrated by Clothilde Embree Funk. Bobbs-Merrill. 214 pp. $1.50.* Childhood of a great democrat who despite her sheltered life became one of the earliest pioneers for women's freedom and world peace.

JERRY THE JEEP. *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Illustrated by Theodore Friday. Lothrop. $1.00.* Ludicrous story of a jeep that hated mud. Humorous illustrations.

*SCHOOL IN THE SKY. *By Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. Illustrated by Ruth Carroll. Macmillan. 136 pp. $1.75.* Teacher and class take to the air for their geography lesson in a most adaptable airplane—delightful nonsense.

FREDDY AND THE POPINJAY. *By Walter R. Brooks. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Knopf. 244 pp. $2.00.* Warm characterization and humor in another of those human animal stories for which this author is already beloved.

*ARTIE AND THE PRINCESS. *By Marjorie Torrey. Howell, Soskin. 107 pp. $2.00.* A lovable little dragon makes friends with a lonely princess and learns to use his wings and his fiery breath. Exquisite illustrations.

*THE PLAIN PRINCESS. *By Phyllis McGinley. Pictures by Helen Stone. Lippincott. 64 pp. $1.50.* A gently humorous and winning little tale of how the princess became beautiful. Soft color illustrations.

THE WIZARD AND HIS MAGIC POWDER. *By Alfred S. Campbell. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Knopf. 114 pp. $1.75.* The Channel Islands of today and long ago. Gay sketches enliven the text.

*ADVENTURE, RARE AND MAGICAL. *By Phyllis R. Fenner. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. Knopf. 178 pp. $2.00.* Favorite stories, new and old, culled from many sources and told with zest.

FOR THE INTERMEDIATE YEARS

Ages Ten, Eleven and Twelve

*THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. *By Leighton Barrett. Illustrated by Warren Chappell. Knopf. 307 pp. $3.00.* The rollicking adventures of this absurd knight and his squire retold with wit and spirit. Distinguished format.

*ADVENTURES AND ESCAPES OF GUSTAVUS VASA. *Written and illustrated by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Dodd, Mead. 136 pp. $2.50.* History of Sweden highlighted by a superb hero tale. Van Loon's last book, done in his inimitable discursive style.

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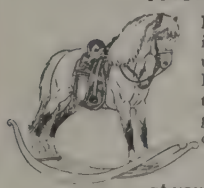

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(*Continued on page 28*)

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PARENTS CONTRIBUTE

(*Continued from page 20*)

manually or with a breast-pump sometimes increases the supply of milk, but I never had much success with this. The nurse I had in the hospital told me that pumping often stimulated secretion initially, only to have it give out earlier. This is probably another individual matter.

My obstetrician had warned me particularly against the overstimulation of seeing too many people, but with gas the precious fluid that it was, this was not one of my problems. We saw nearby friends occasionally and went out for dinner once in a while, which was fine. I got used to the huge quantities of fluid, and looked forward to being pleasantly stupefied by ale twice a day. I grew proficient at the contortionist trick of giving myself the hypodermic of B_1. And I slept as I had never slept before —perhaps because I felt so enormously useful. More useful than doing housework or working in a hospital or anything else had ever made me feel.

The baby was getting between 28 and 30 ounces from me each day. It was no record-breaking amount, but it was enough, and on it he was growing fat and sweet and beautiful. There were off days, of course, and it was a long time before I got over feeling that each set-back was surely the end, but a little extra rest, a little extra liquid, and the supply would be normal again.

Toward the end of November we had to move back to the city. Moving being what it is, I was sure I would have to stop nursing, but after two grisly weeks of getting settled, I found myself still at it. At Christmas time the baby went through a sleepy spell when he had to be awakened for every feeding. Sticking where we could to self-regulation, we put him on a five-hour schedule, which was, in effect, four feedings daily. This seemed to me a mistake. Each feeding was half or an ounce larger, but not enough to make up for one whole feeding missed. With less stimulation, I had less milk. Our maid left at that time, which made it difficult to go back on the four-hour schedule. At the end of the fourth month, I began giving a couple of ounces of formula to make up for what was missing.

I had planned to nurse the baby for four months. January 14 came and went, and though pleased enough to have accomplished what I had set out to do, I didn't want to give it up at all. Six months, after all, was even better. That particular togetherness which you feel nursing a baby became very poignant, very precious, because it was nearly over I wondered if I wanted to stop at six months.

During the next few weeks, however, the baby decided for himself. My milk didn't come fast enough to suit him at the noon feeding (almost inevitable, I found out later,[1] when supplementary bottles have been introduced, because the bottle flows faster), and he began turning up his nose at the breast in favor of the bottle he knew would follow. A couple of days during which he took very little of anything because of an upset stomach wound the whole thing up at six and a half months.

Weaning is a sad time if you've had any satisfaction from nursing. During the months of being tied to my young sprout's bib-strings, how often had I thought longingly of not having to ration my energy, of not having always to remember the endless procession of orange-juice, tomato juice, soup, buttermilk, and water. Yet when I was at liberty to do so, how lost I felt, how meaningless the constant bustle of living which had to go on anyway. The lovely primitive time was over. But my spirits picked up in two or three weeks.

Gradual weaning, of course, does away with the terrific upheaval a baby sometimes goes through. Only once, as though it were already a half-forgotten pattern, did my baby seek the breast after I stopped nursing him. It gave me a certain wry amusement to see with what satisfaction he regarded the bottle.

Maintaining a precarious milk supply isn't of course the only difficulty encountered in nursing. There are real physical contra-indications, but these are fewer than one might expect. Often the doctor is at fault for being indifferent or too hasty in assuming that his patient wants to be told she shouldn't nurse her baby. The woman who really, really wants to nurse will probably be able to do it, given time and encouragement. The "nervous type" who thinks her milk disagrees with the baby can get hold of herself somehow. She can take more rest and be able in some part to "avoid anger, excitement, worry, fear, and passion" (in the rather quaint wording of some of the older handbooks)—and she will have to remember that most babies go through a time of being very subject to colic.[2] The woman with cracked or inverted nipples can nurse through a nipple-shield, and next time prepare them properly for use during pregnancy. Much can also be done for the breast which

[1] Brenneman's Practice of Pediatrics, Chapter XXV; also "The Rate of Secretion of Breast Milk," by Charles Hendee Smith and Katherine Merritt, in *American Journal of Diseases of Children*, Nov. 1922, Vol. XXVII.

[2] Brenneman's Practice of Pediatrics, Chapter XXV.

(*Continued on page 32*)

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The Springfield Plan. By Alexander Alland and James Waterman Wise. The Viking Press, 1945. 137 pages. $2.50.

The Story of the Springfield Plan. By Clarence I. Chatto and Alice L. Halligan. Barnes & Noble, Inc., 1945. 201 pages. $2.75.

These two books together offer an excellent survey of the educational experiment being conducted in Springfield, Massachusetts. The first book, a photographic record with a simple, explanatory text, introduces the reader to the Springfield Plan—a plan, or, rather, "a series of plans, of policies, of techniques designed to teach children and adults to believe in and act as though they believed in the principles of democracy." The second book is the complete, official account of these policies and techniques; the authors are the Curriculum Director and the Director of Adult Education of the Springfield Public Schools, the preface is written by John Granrud, the Superintendent of the Springfield Public School, who initiated the plan, and the introduction is by Clyde R. Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, who is Consultant to the Springfield Program. Although it is a small book, it describes in detail the plan's inception, the school curriculum and administration, the method of selecting and educating the teachers, and the attempts to reach out and bring the community into the school project. The philosophy of the plan is very clearly presented.

The school children are taught true democracy both by practice and by precept. The processes of a democratic way of life they learn quite simply by living them in the everyday administration of their own schools. Their feeling about democracy is solidly based on an honest presentation. They are not taught that we have achieved a perfect democracy; instead, they are given a realistic picture of the degree of democracy that we have reached and are shown how to attain a greater degree through the use of social action. The hope is that when they emerge from school to face the outer world, they will be spared crippling disillusionment and will be equipped with years of experience in realistic democratic living.

The administrators of the Springfield program have estimated their own success in the same objective way that they have appraised our society. Their book describes what they are doing, what they have not yet succeeded in doing, and what they hope to accomplish. They pose the problem of evaluating their success: "How shall we evaluate the intangible? . . . By what diagnosis can we measure the kind of human being and citizen (a boy) will be thirty years from now when he has a home of his own, children in school, and a ballot on election day? Probably the most valid indication of the impact of the Springfield program upon youth is to be found in things that happen, in school and out. . . . Jealousy and discrimination have their influence; prejudice sometimes prompts a sneer, a hard name, or worse. . . . But an encouraging proportion of the incidents show a fundamental soundness of attitude when youngsters are on their own."

Both books tell the same story; the second, with its detailed explanation, tells it to the mind, the first, to the heart. Its pictures of children and adults engaged in the many communal activities that compose intercultural education could be duplicated in other cities, it is true. As Dr. Granrud, superintendent of the Springfield Public Schools, himself states: "There is no Springfield Plan, there is only an American Plan, and this American Plan of education has been developed and is being followed by countless multitudes of teachers and parents.

ELIZABETH S. HIRSH

PARENTS CONTRIBUTE

(*Continued from page 30*)

does not flow freely by manual expression of colostrum during the last few months of pregnancy.[3] The woman whose milk doesn't come in easily during the first few days should keep at it, either through continued suckling or artificial stimulation, up to ten or twelve days.[4]

Much has been written about the importance of breast feeding, from the strictly physical angle, from a kind of thundering moral platform (like Alexis Carrel's article in the Reader's Digest a few years ago), and lately from the psychological point of view which stresses the child's need of continued physical contact with the mother after birth. It seems to me that its effects are indirectly more far-reaching even than this. For a woman, nursing her baby releases a profound physical tenderness which is needed now more than ever in our civilization. The experience is enriching to the mother as it is to the child . . . and people who live full rich lives usually make good citizens, good parents.

[3] "Discussion of the Decline of Breast Feeding" Proceedings of Royal Society of Medicine, May 1943, Vol. XXXVI.

[4] Holt & MacIntosh: Holt's Diseases of Infancy and Childhood.

Good Stories for Young Readers

Told Under the Stars and Stripes

A New Umbrella Book! 27 fine stories, selected by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education, about American children of foreign parentage. Elizabeth O. Jones, Doris Gates, Florence C. Means, and other noted authors are represented.
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A delightful "easy reader" about a small mule who did not like to work. Gay pictures by Doris and George Hauman and large type Word-checked.
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By BERTA and ELMER HADER

The first real story book by the Haders in several years, this is about a lovable ship's carpenter and his many pets Lots of pictures. Ages 8-12. $2.00

Clear the Track

By LOUIS SLOBODKIN

Small children who would like to run a train all by themselves will love this riotous and colorful book about Michael who does just that!—with his magic train Ages 4-6. $1.50

Caddie Woodlawn—a play

By CAROL RYRIE BRINK

Here is the Newbery Medal book all ready to act out! Caddie Woodlawn and her six brothers and sisters, young Wisconsin pioneers, have long been popular with children. A three-act play for upper grades and junior high school age. $1.25

Harvest of the Hudson

By ERICK BERRY

An exciting adventure story about a brother and sister, Dutch settlers along the Hudson in the 17th century Debora solves a mystery at home, while Sebastien takes to sea.
Ages 10-14. $2.00

Golden Hair

By STEINGRIMUR ARASON

Modern Iceland is the setting for this fine story about an American girl who spends a year visiting relatives there. A good picture of the country, its past and future.
Ages 10-14 $2.00

The Macmillan Company, New York

Children's Radio

PERHAPS the most important Fall news on radio for children is the shift of Columbia's American School of the Air to an after-school hour. For many years this valuable program has offered a major service to the school children of America, broadcasting educational content in history, current events, science, music and literature. Heretofore these programs broadcast in the morning hours have been directed into the classroom. The wartime difficulties of equipping schools with adequate listening facilities are among the reasons for the shift.

The schedule continues, as before, with a daily half-hour at 5:00 p.m. as follows: Monday—*This Is America;* Tuesday—*Gateway to Music;* Wednesday—*March of Science;* Thursday—*This Living World;* Friday—*Stories from Far and Near.* Ninety-two stations provide a coverage across the country, with the western zones still picking it up in school hours. The material is effectively presented in excellent dramatized form with incidental music.

Teachers and parents will welcome this opportunity for young people to combine education with entertainment in their late afternoon listening. Whether the youngsters will also welcome this choice, as against the lure of *Dick Tracy, Superman* and *Terry and the Pirates* is not yet known. It is assumed that children will be left free to choose their own leisure-time entertainment, that teachers and parents will resist the temptation to make this "required listening." In any case, the network offers it for the benefit of families listening together and for those children who *do* prefer serious entertainment.

Two afternoon serial stories follow the School of the Air on the CBS network, making a full hour for family listening. *Cimarron Tavern,* 5:30 to 5:45, is a frontier tale of the opening of the West, carefully produced and dramatically convincing but slow-paced and somewhat talky for young listeners attuned to the faster adventure serials. *The Sparrow and the Hawk,* 5:45 to 6:00, is an aviation serial oddly lacking in actual flying adventure, speed or thrill. The club activities of young aviation enthusiasts in their efforts to secure an air park for their town bring them some excellent lessons in human relationships and sound attitudes, but it is doubtful whether listeners will stick with it long enough to hear them. It seems to this reviewer not emotional enough for the soap opera audience and not exciting enough for children.

JOSETTE FRANK

News and Notes

Children's Book Award

The 1945 award of the Children's Book Committee of the Child Study Association of America has been given to Florence Crannell Means for her book, *The Moved-Outers,* published early this year by Houghton Mifflin. The award was presented by Dorothy Canfield Fisher at the luncheon inaugurating Children's Book Week held on November 12 under the auspices of the Children's Book Council in New York City. This honorary award is offered each year for a book "which faces, with honesty and courage, real problems in our children's world; a strong realistic picture translating democratic ideals into every-day terms for boys and girls today."

The Moved-Outers is a story of a Japanese-American family removed to a relocation center during the war and of their struggle to remain good Americans in the face of prejudice and suspicion. The other three books specially cited by the Committee for courageously dealing with contemporary problems were *A City for Lincoln,* by John R. Tunis, a realistic story of a fight to achieve good government in a small mid-Western city; *A Sea Between,* by Lavinia R. Davis, dealing with the wartime adjustments of a young girl suddenly confronted by small town prejudices; and *Call Me Charley,* by Jesse Jackson, depicting the problems of a young Negro lad striving for acceptance in a totally white suburban community.

Chinese Child Care

Dr. W. Carson Ryan, President of the Child Study Association of America, flew to China early in November to begin his work as the new child care consultant of the United China Relief Advisory Committee on Child Care and Development. Dr. Ryan has a wide background for this work. Among the various important posts which he has held have been those of Director of Education for the United States Indian Service, President of the Progressive Education Association, President of the Child Study Association, and editor of the quarterly *Understanding the Child.* Dr. Ryan announced that he had obtained a semester's leave of absence from the University of North Carolina, where he heads the division of teacher training, to make this field trip to China to study at first hand

(*Continued on page 36*)

Harper Books FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

STUART LITTLE

By E. B. White. "Stuart Little is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle."—Edward Weeks, *Atlantic Monthly. 87 pictures by Garth Williams.* $2.00

LOOK FOR THE LETTERS

By H. A. Rey. A new type of alphabet book. Not only are there pictures for the letter a word begins with, but there are also pictures for the same letter when it comes in the middle of a word or at the end. 26 of the 56 pictures are in full color. Ages 3-6. $2.00

DANIEL BOONE

By Esther Averill. In the new edition of this distinguished book, Miss Averill has expanded the text of her exciting story. Plates for the five-color pictures were made from a copy of the original edition. *Illustrated by F. Rojankovsky.* $1.50

CALL ME CHARLEY

By Jesse Jackson. An exciting story, by a talented young Negro author, about Charley, the only Negro boy in Arlington Heights. Pictures by Doris Spiegel. $2.00

THE FIRST STORY

By Margaret Wise Brown. The story of a little girl in the "time in the world before anyone knew anyone else." 6 pages Rousseau masterpieces reproduced in color. Ages 5-8. $1.75

THE STORY OF THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS

Lithographs by C. H. DeWitt. Text by May McNeer. A sprightly story with full color pictures that catch all the beauty of the southern highlands of the United States. Ages 5-10. $1.50

SPOTTY

By Margret Rey. The adventures of a charming rabbit by the author and artist of *Pretzel.* 30 colored pictures. Ages 3-6. Pictures by H. A. Rey. $1.75

NO SCHOOL FRIDAY

By Fran Martin. An amusing and exciting story about wartime Norfolk. By the author and illustrator of *Knuckles Down.* Pictures by Dorothy McEntee. Ages 8-12. $2.00

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By Glanville Smith. The adventures of a shipwrecked pedlar on the island of Lemonia and Fridland. Pictures by Fritz Eichenberg. Ages 8-12. $2.00

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NEWS AND NOTES

(Continued from page 34)

"the most effective means of aiding young Chinese war victims."

He will visit all the projects supported by the United China Relief and make a study of their teaching programs and methods of handling children. He will also cooperate with UNRRA in evaluating the work done in the existing public and private child care agencies in China, and consult with the leaders in other Chinese relief and rehabilitation organizations. When Dr. Ryan returns to the United States he will make recommendations for a coordinated child care program on which United China Relief and UNRRA can work together toward giving effective aid to the millions of Chinese children whose lives have been uprooted by the long years of war.

Benefit Show

A lavish new production of "Showboat" will open at the Ziegfeld Theatre early in January, and the Child Study Association of America will be the beneficiary of a performance to be given on Friday evening, January 11, 1946. With the returns of this benefit, the Association plans to make available to the wives and families of service men and newly discharged veterans, without fee, all of the resources of the Child Study Association, including individual counseling, lectures and courses on child development and family problems.

Tickets may be obtained at the headquarters of the Association at 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG FAMILIES IN TRANSITION

(Continued from page 4)

offer—continuity of experience, physical safety, space, freedom, companionship of other children, and the guidance of friendly, understanding adults. Children who have had to make many moves need time to finish, time to do things in their own way, time to explore. Mothers who have lived in many places need friends and a chance to be part of a permanent community. They need a chance to know other people's children and to learn how children grow, to cooperate with other families in building a real community.

If, as a nation, we can keep and extend all the child care services developed in wartime, we can strengthen the American family in its transition to peacetime living. If we also have learned that mothers are better mothers when they participate actively in life outside the home, we can help them keep the individual flexibility and resourcefulness developed in wartime.

Our young families are in transition from war to peace. Whether or not they are also in transition from dependence to independence, from immaturity to full maturity, from insecurity to security, from promise to fulfillment depends on all of us. No generation has ever deserved better of its country than the young Americans who started their homes and their families in the midst of total war.

(Continued from page 7)

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

PAULINE RUSH FADIMAN,
Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1945.

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